Septet for the Luminous Ones

fahima ife
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for the

Luminous

Ones
.. for love, the taíno, the yoruba, the blur, 
the ones (( and twos ))
never often .. ever always .. present
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Septet for the Luminous Ones
entheogenic rush

i.

coming *with* is easier to blur
after iris and sacrament
signal the spores

as body turns to vapor

in a portal
in a scene of
blessed fusion

anonymous birds float in as black
rasta man says
  life begins at dawn with the mycelium

cruising lone coast is easier than ever
to go on insane among the insane
just venting to one's mutual selves in public

singing love among species
and of lichen

in a bone yard
in a sly curve of
laughter
as if a flush verb against a winged flesh wall as if a
cask rushing out the polis calling out a flash of all

saying floral we must bless
it now

ii.

fungus turns to riverain inside
a wooden juke

listening to it release us
beyond beyond

in the after mama koko says
they sent all you nigros out to the inland
empire with the illusion of a big house
an oasis

now holy from the inlands

wow and yes

i wanted us to sing and dance
a mycological whirl

to enter it holographic

and make it rain
in life we are skanking on a coast
in need of husk
curling at the rims
beneath the crowns of

iii.
being wind it says
is like having a
holosensual experience
in ultra consciousness
in the monastic vein
of learning how to weave
training one's hip in the cadence of
shepherd may i have another reason
it gets lonely inside the quarters
beating it over the head with a concept
like bebop be bop be bop bop bop bop
all night long
learning how to cruise
learning how to tense
and tease in public
i was tuning in to practice
  to listen to you speak

  *john coltrane wanted to make cars*

i wanted to be satiable

now a hot whisk
grinding stone
pon di stone

coming when it call
it right as grain
intensive care unit

of sound
of uterine

ultraviolet
of light signals

purple the akashic

incubation chamber
where it sent us

seven sirens astral

out the womb
and back
in it

we are
singing of

our soul missive

(( a glowing vortex ))

we are sensing
of our group
mission

artificial immortal
as hands

reaching in
to stroke
us
of sonic apparatus
glistening lines of human
flesh distal
machinelike dimension seven
scry glasses etches
a tune
meant a riddle was in the helix
(( again ))
chasmic heaving of middle left
and right (( again ))
conceived in an aura
of combined war games
falling walls nuclear fusion
sensory deprivation at birth

a child

a child

is glitching
that first day soul brought our
independent soma into cohesion i

savored it as if within and
without a moment’s notice

you asked that question
that was not really a question

as much as an entry point
a seam to break the silence

all that sentience
you
offloading the sonic truck

me
holding the house wide
at its hinge
of open angels

i felt you then
sensing me all the way to
the hollow bone

and no one ever senses me
that close since i

like to
burrow inside the metallic folds
of all this armor
being nobility again i
want to reach across

the abstract minefield and
stop the hunt before it opens

stopping pressure as if
out the superficial feel

of uncertainty i
reach across

the glowing quiet
listen as if vines

creeping trilling soft

then you say that thing
that makes it think
you mean to stay forever

no one ever really wants to stay
or that’s the residual trace of

abandonment

the worst
part about

all this labor is
we never really
get to touch
the ones we love
when we need to love

or feel
something other

than utility
or worth

when i look back on it i
understand you were

speaking to me
without speaking

as if every line i
struggled to bend

for the purposes of
something whose purpose

is never really clear
until it hits

like that day when
it hit us in november

you say ocean
is strong today
you say vasana

and i smile
as if we had always

been smelling it i
feel a feeling i often feel
often in distance
the sensuality of

scent
before
scent
of spirit, artificial symbiont

dust a distal broom corners vestibular inquisition number seven
vernacular insinuation number nine

a blue dust pan
a dusty flute song a boy in love

a staggering impulse to burn
then turn the fleeting lust as funk

green a corvine peacocks rising
it is rising our senses ceaseless

subtle obfuscation

of spirit
concupiscence
of word

interwoven
with momentary textures
of lust —

a fuchsia tipped hummingbird
just above our heads
and peels and peels of laughter
as judith jamison contorts
the *marental*

and suddenly we begin to cry

are we softly on the hinge
of the pull it hinges close

as ecstasy begets cortication
honey mines inside our throats

point of on and off the pointe

in the tropics desire fleshes lines
as balm aesthetics

what is fluid
is at the tip

word on the wing is no longer
artificial intelligence

or climate crises

but energetic crisis
energetic change
synergistic glow up
a new species

as in
new black art is this